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six insides and ten out: this, therefore, we conceive to be its primary and literal meaning. In the title prefixed to the book before us, we conjecture it is used figuratively, to express a summary or general explication of the work or system of which it professes to be the omnibus. At least we can attach no other meaning to it.

The method or system Jacotot, is a system of instruction of which M. Jacotot claims the invention. This gentleman is a native of Dijon, in France, was educated in the Polytechnic school, afterwards became an advocate, a professor of polite literature, a captain of artillery, private secretary of the minister at war, deputy director of the Polytechnic school, professor of ideology, professor of languages, professor of the transcendent mathematics, professor of the school of jurisprudence, member of the chamber of representatives, and, having at length retired to Belgium, has obtained from the king of the Netherlands, a situation of lecturer in the university of Louvain.

Here he has made known his invention of a method applicable to all kinds of human knowledge, under the name of universal instruction and intellectual emancipation.

In speaking of an improvement, it is satisfactory to know something of the individual who announces it; we have, therefore, given the omnibus of his biography. We shall now proceed to give, from the same source, the omnibus of his system, which is indeed sufficiently concise; it remains with the reader to judge how far it is satisfactory.

The method commences with the principle, "that God has formed the human mind with a capacity to instruct itself." Proceeding on this fundamental maxim, it does not propose that the master should tell the pupil what he ought to know, but that the pupil should learn it of himself, and without the assistance of any other but himself.

Madame la Methode takes a book—"it is of little consequence," we use the author's own words—"what book is placed in the hands of the child; however, if elegance of style, pure morality, a varied and interesting narrative, a mild and virtuous eloquence, be valuable qualities in the book thus set before him, we should choose"—guess, gentle reader!—"Telemachus! and to this book the child will owe every thing."

The book being placed before the pupil, Madame la Methode does not desire him to read. By no means, she uses the emphatic word "look," and when the pupil has looked, she commences a conversation with the following all important questions:—

Madame la Methode—"What hast thou seen?"

Monsieur l'Elève—"Calypso found herself unhappy in being immortal."

Madame la Methode—"What sees't thou there?"

Monsieur l'Elève—"That Calypso was immortal, and that she was unhappy at being so."

Madame la Methode—"Why was she unhappy?"

Monsieur l'Elève—"Because she could not console herself."

Madame la Methode—"For what?"

Monsieur l'Elève—"For the departure of Ulysses."

Madame la Methode—"What are we to conclude from all this?"

Monsieur l'Elève—"That when we are separated from one whose departure we regret, we are unhappy, and when one is immortal, one finds himself more unhappy still, because he does not perceive the term at which his misfortune will end."

"And thus,"—exclaims Monsieur Omnibus—"behold a principle which overthrows, from top to bottom by a single sentence, the whole system of collegiate instruction."

Monsieur declares open, interminable war—"war to the quill's stump"—with the Universities. He tells us broadly that they only teach the pupils to yawn. This, no doubt, is another of his discoveries.

Yet we must be allowed to say, that if the collegiate is to be named the yawning system, that now developed, may as justly be called the nose system, for, as far as we can decide from this, the only example afforded by the book, of the method of instruction, we have merely to substitute Monsieur le Professeur, for Madame la Methode, and we shall find that Monsieur l'Elève is led on, as it were by the nose, through question and answer, as regularly as any donkey follows the halter.

Let us, however, try the experiment by another process. The book to be used is a matter of indifference, Telemachus always excepted, let us therefore suppose Madame la Methode to put before her pupil the celebrated Mr. Newberry's Christmas gift for good little Masters and Misses, (which by the bye, this worthy biblioplist and disseminator of literature, in his zeal for promoting the march of intellect distributes gratuitously, as the book itself informs us, charging only two pence for the binding,) and we think it a volume fully as intelligible and instructive to children as the amours of Calypso, and the adventures of the son of Ulysses; let us suppose we say, this volume opened, the mystic monosyllable, 'look' pronounced, the pupils eye directed as per instructions, and the conversation then begins.

Madame la Methode—"What hast thou seen?"

Mons. l'Elève—

Here we go up, up, up;
And here we go down, down, down;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And hey for London town.

Madame la Methode—"Why did it go up and down?"

Mons. l'Elève—"To keep it from squalling."

Madame la Methode—"Why did it squall?"

Mons. l'Elève—"Because it could not get—"

Madame la Methode—"What?"

Mons. l'Elève—"London town."

Madame la Methode—"What do you conclude from all this?"

Mons. l'Elève—"That children cry when they want what they cannot get; and that nurses quiet them by talking nonsense; that nonsense is instruction, and instruction nonsense." It will be unnecessary to carry our illustrations farther.

Having thus taught reading, for which, however, as appears from another part of the work before us, a previous knowledge of the letters is allowed to be of some little service, the child is given ink, paper, and a pen; let him set himself as he thinks fit, he will conclude by discovering the most convenient method for writing. The author, however, suggests that his improvement would be facilitated

by the master writing in his presence—and we would venture to hint still further, that if he shewed him how to place his pen between his finger and thumb, and even, incidentally, held his hand now and again, and helped him to trace the letters according to the antiquated fashion, the pupil's movements would be somewhat more progressive.

M. Jacotot lays down another principle, founded, as he tells us, on a multiplicity of uniform results. All intellects are equal, and any apparent differences arise from the intensity of the will and of perseverance. For our part, we feel inclined to attribute this equality of intellect to another cause. M. Jacotot puts what may be called leading questions to the pupil; they are echoed in the answers: the general level of the intellect thus evolved will range a little below that of the teacher; or if it should chance to rise above it, he will be utterly incapable of estimating the height of its elevation.

This is the age of systems. We have had Lancaster's system, and Bell's system, and Dufief's, and the Hamiltonian, and the Perryeian, and now the Jacototian system, and perhaps progress has been made by means of them in clearing away some of the rubbish of the olden time, that obstructed the infant pupil in scrambling up the first steps of the temple of Minerva. But they all appear to us to have stopped at a certain point, and that very near the entrance, leaving our posterity to force their upward way to the summit, by those strenuous exertions of inborn talent, aided by enlightened and long-continued instructions from master-minds, which have been, and we believe ever will be, found necessary to attain the noble end of their ambition.

We deem it but justice to say, that we have derived our information relative to this new system solely from the book before us, which professes to be written by a friend and admirer of it. If, therefore, we have misconceived it, we can only say, that M. Jacotot should exclaim, in the words of the Spanish proverb, "Save me from my friends—I can defend myself from my enemies."

Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their descendants: Illustrative of their past and present state, with regard to Literature, Education, and Oral Instruction. By Christopher Anderson. Second edition, enlarged. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

We trust that the first edition of this excellent little work is already familiar to most of our readers, and that it is only necessary for us to acquaint them that the present one is enriched with many important and interesting additions. If there be any, however, into whose hands it has not yet fallen, we would recommend it strongly to their attention, and can promise them that be their creed or politics what they may, if they be genuine Irishmen, they cannot fail of receiving both pleasure and instruction from its perusal.

The object of the work is the moral and religious education of the people of Ireland, but more particularly the instruction of the native or aboriginal Irish, through the medium of their vernacular tongue, and the arguments which the writer advances in support of his views appear to us to be quite conclusive and incontrovertible.

Our limits will not permit us to give a

lengthened analysis of the work, which is divided into ten sections, but we shall take a hasty glance at some of the most striking, and subjoin a few observations of our own, to which we are anxious to draw public attention.

The first section presents a highly interesting sketch of the literary history of Ireland, from the early ages to the present day, and includes notices of the most eminent men; references to Irish typography, whether in Britain or on the Continent; and an account of the translation and printing of the Sacred Volume in the vernacular tongue. From the biographical notices in this section we are tempted to extract the following curious particulars relative to one of the earliest reformers, perhaps, that ever appeared in the British isles:

"The fourteenth century, to which we have now come, is rendered interesting by the appearance of one man, who is well entitled to the grateful recollections of the Native Irish—Richard Fitzrauph or Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, frequently denominated Richard Armachanus. The place of his birth is said to have been Dundalk; the precise year I have not been able to ascertain; but his various appointments being noted with such accuracy, prove in some degree the interest which his character had excited. According to Le Neve's Fasti, on the 10th July 1334, he was collated Chancellor of Lincoln, and in 1336, because Archdeacon of Chester; on the 20th of April, 1337, he was personally installed Dean of Litchfield, by Edward III. and advanced to the see of Armagh on the 8th July, 1347, by Clement VI.

"This excellent man may not improperly be regarded as the Wickliffe of Ireland; and he deserves the more attention, not only from his having lived in the age immediately preceding Wickliffe, but on account of the report respecting him, that he possessed, if not with his own hand translated, the Scriptures of the New Testament into the Irish tongue. For the sake of Ireland, therefore, as well as his own, he is entitled to some special notice; more particularly as this tradition is rendered much more probable by the consideration of his character and exertions.

"From the year 1240, more than a hundred years before Fitzralph, the operations of the Mendicant Friars had afforded matter of controversy and complaint; but the immediate occasion of his engaging to arraign them cannot with certainty be traced. It has been affirmed by a celebrated Irish Franciscan, Luke Wadding, the historian of their order, that, obstructed in some attempt, to remove the ornaments belonging to a convent of Friars, they were protected, and their ornaments preserved to them, when Fitzralph entered into the controversy of the day with great warmth and eagerness. Such an incident, indeed, might perhaps awaken Fitzralph to exertion; but it is of more importance to observe, that he had been educated at Oxford, the nucleus of the controversy, under Baconthorpe, a doctor of the Sorbonne, and determined opponent of the Friars, who possessed great influence over his pupils. Fitzralph also was one of a select number of learned men who had sat at the table of Richard de Bury, one of the most generous and ardent cultivators of learning in the fourteenth century. But whatever was the exciting cause, in 1356, Fitzralph having occasion to be in London, in consequence of earnest solicitation, says Fox, he preached

seven or eight sermons against the abuses of the Friars, which he afterwards repeated at Litchfield, and in Ireland at Drogheda, Dundalk, and Trim. Offended with the positions contained in these discourses, the warden of the Franciscans or Minorites, then established at Armagh, and those of the order of the Predicants, cited the primate to answer for himself before the Pope at Avignon. To this bold measure on the part of the Friars, there was presented strong encouragement in the well-known character of Clement, who 'defended the interests of the church with a zeal carried to excess, reserving to himself a multitude of benefices, which he presented at his will in defiance of all former elections.' Fortunately, however, for Fitzralph, Clement died in 1352, and was succeeded by a man of different views, Innocent VI. whose policy it was to encourage men of literature, and oblige the possessors of benefices to residence. Another circumstance, probably in favour of Fitzralph, occurred the following year. The controversy respecting the Irish primacy was then in dependence, and in 1353, Innocent had decided that the Archbishop of Armagh 'should entitle himself Primate of all Ireland, and the Archbishop of Dublin write himself Primate of Ireland.'

"At all events, Fitzralph, in 1357, appeared at Avignon, and pled his cause at length again and again. Innocent listened to him, and stayed all proceedings in England during the suit. The examination being committed to four Cardinals, Fitzralph was long detained, and never returned to Ireland, but died at Avignon on the 16th of November, 1360. The MS. annals in the Cotton Library hint that he was poisoned by the Friars: of this there is no certain proof; but they allege that the controversy was terminated only by the absolute command of Innocent. One of the Cardinals, on hearing of his death, openly protested, says Fox, 'that the same day a mighty pillar of Christ's church was fallen.' Ten years afterwards, his body was removed to Dundalk, by Stephen de Valle, Bishop of Meath, and a monument raised over it, which still remained, says Sir Thomas Ryves, so late as the year 1624.

"The theme of Fitzralph at Avignon was founded on these words—'Judge not according to the outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment.' His various positions, committed to writing, he extended to a volume, which was afterwards published. The Friars mendicant were charged by him as in many things acting directly in violation of their own rules, as undermining the stated duties of resident curates, but, above all, as violating the express precepts of Scripture, which he very frequently quotes, and to which he constantly appeals as paramount authority. He laments over the decay of learning, and informed Innocent not only of the great decrease in the number of the students at Oxford, but that 'no book could stir, either divinity, law, or physic, but these Friars were able and ready to buy it up;' nay, that 'he himself had sent forth from Armagh to the university four of his own chaplains, who sent him word again that they could neither find the Bible, nor any other good profitable book in divinity, meet for their study, and therefore were minded to return home to their country.'

"The writings of Fitzralph were various, amounting to eighteen distinct tracts, on theo-

logical and other subjects. Bellarmine thought that his writings 'ought to be read with caution.' Prateolus and others allow him to have possessed great accomplishments, but rank him among the heretics; though Wadding, already mentioned, and of course not favourable to his cause, is of a different opinion. Tritheimius, however, one of the most learned men in the fifteenth century, has given a character of Fitzralph; and when it is remembered that he was an Abbot of the Benedictine Friars, he will not be suspected of partiality. This character he sums up in these words—'Vir in Divinis Scripturis eruditus, secularis philosophiæ jurisque canonici non ignarus, clarus ingenio, sermone scholasticus, in declamandis sermonibus ad populum excellentis industriæ.' Of the works of Fitzralph several are mentioned by L'Advocat, the librarian and Orleans Professor in the Sorbonne, after which he adds, 'These works prove their author to have thoroughly studied the Holy Scriptures, and his reasoning is very ingenious and forcible, but not entirely free from the errors which were afterwards revived by Wickliffe.' It is indeed not unworthy of notice, that in the very same year in which Fitzralph expired at Avignon, Wickliffe, at the age of thirty-six, was allured from his hitherto retired and silent life; and that when he came to write his Trialogus, he speaks of Fitzralph as having preceded him, in terms of high commendation.

The second section gives an account of 'the schools of learning of early and modern date, including some account of the attempts to employ the Irish tongue as a branch of education at home, and of the schools either founded by the native Irish, or at their instance, for their education abroad.' In this portion of the work, which is drawn up with considerable research, we get acquainted with many interesting particulars of which we were previously ignorant, relative to the history of our University, and of the intentions of its founders, in endowing it plentifully, '*principally* for breeding up the natives in civility, learning, and religion;' and of the very small efforts that have ever been made on the part of the college, to carry these good intentions of the founders into practical effect. Mr. Anderson expresses his astonishment, (and who does not concur with him?) that nothing should ever have been done by the college in the way of publication of some portion, at least, of the treasure of ancient Irish records, which are locked up in the manuscript room of its library, and which, for any use that can at present be made of them under the existing regulations of the board, might as well not exist. Really it does appear to us most strange, that at this time of day, the heads of the University should view a matter so lightly, which subjects them to the reproach of all the literati of Europe, and that they should have allowed a distinguished nobleman in another country, (the Duke of Buckingham,) to take the lead in performing what on their part should be considered as only a bounden duty, in elucidating the ancient history and literature of their country. Why should not our university have its Irish professor, as well as Oxford its professor of the Anglo-Saxon—and why should not our ancient laws and annals be translated and published by the Irish University, as well as the Saxon chronicle by the English? This, however, is a subject too important to be treated of in this place, and as we mean to direct public attention to it

in an especial manner, as soon as we can find leisure, we shall merely observe at present, that in our opinion, the University does not afford the facilities it might and ought to do, even to private inquirers into this most interesting treasury of national knowledge. The regulations respecting the mode of access to any part of the contents of the MS. room, are so harassing and vexatious in a variety of ways, as almost wholly to debar one from the pleasure and advantage of examining into them. We know that this is ascribed to the exclusive clauses of the college statutes in this regard, but we cannot help thinking matters might still be greatly better managed.

The third section of Mr. Anderson's book relates to the oral instruction of the Irish, and includes 'historical notices of all that has yet been effected in preaching to the natives in their vernacular tongue, and the present deplorable condition of the country with regard to a stated ministry in the language of the Irish people.' On this point, we have only to observe, that the author frequently seems to assume that the islanders are totally ignorant of christianity, because they have never been instructed by teachers of the reformed faith. This is not true, and it is a sort of unfairness, very popular with a certain class of writers and speakers at present. There are some men so ignorant of the faith and doctrine of the church of England, as to suppose that they are its most strenuous advocates, when they denounce the Roman Catholic religion, as something different from, and opposed to, christianity. We love and venerate the church of England, and we have devoted much of our life to the earnest study of its doctrine and discipline, and we can fearlessly avouch and prove, that it teaches no such doctrine. But it is vain to argue with men who are ignorant of their own ignorance, and proud of it: they have indeed a great deal to be proud of. We happen to know something of these islanders ourselves. With the priest and the boatman for our only companions, we have landed from the little leathern *corrach*, which was saved from being swamped in the surge beating on the beach, only by a score of the hardy islanders rushing into the sea with the retiring wave, and bearing our frail and tiny bark securely to the shore upon their shoulders, before the swell had time to return. We have accompanied that priest to the ruined chapel, have watched the people trooping down the hill sides, after travelling three, four or five miles in the deep snow to attend divine worship, and kneeling devoutly round the holy place in that inclement weather;

Their only canopy the cope of heaven.

It is vain to tell us that these men have no religion. They believe in God. They believe and are baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. They have heard of the life, and death, and resurrection of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ;

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed, and they call it *the story of peace*. It is true that their belief is deformed with many human devices, and their worship debased by many unmeaning rites; but we (whose zealous attachment to the Protestant faith is happily so well known as to place us far above any the remotest suspicion of compromise or indifference on that sacred subject,) declare with joy and thanksgiving, that beneath all their un-

happy load of superstitious observances, we have been able to discover a strong under-current of true religion; inasmuch that many a time and oft, when we have marked their clear unclouded firm conviction of the certainty of the retributions of a future spiritual world, their patient resignation under severe affliction thence resulting, and their imperturbable confidence in the promises and the mercy of God, we have been constrained to say in our hearts, would that we, with all our boasted learning and discernment, possessed the child-like, perfect, and continual reliance upon God, of these poor simple ones.

It is scarcely possible for those who are continually conversant with nature in her native charms and naked sublimity, to be without a deep sense of natural religion; and when the eye of the soul sees God in clouds and sunshine, and the mental ear hears him in storms and billows, the glad tidings of *the story of peace* come easily and quickly home to men's bosoms and business, as affording the only secure shelter from every wave. True it is, and not a fable, that much error and evil remain to be removed; and therefore do we most earnestly desire to second Mr. Anderson's endeavours for the further and better instruction of the people; but we do not think that the very best way of effecting this desirable object, is to begin by telling them very offensive falsehoods about their present condition.

We wish also to impress upon the world a conviction that has long been present to our own mind, that a vast number of the very poorest class in Ireland, possess an immense intellectual advantage over the corresponding class in every other country of the world, in that they are masters of *two* of the richest and most copious languages in Europe. We should be very sorry to see the Irish language lost in the acquisition of English, and we believe Mr. Anderson exceedingly over-rates the number of those who understand only Irish.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and shall only repeat our warm commendation of the general excellence of the little work under review, and our hope that it may speedily reach the hands of such of our readers as are not yet intimate with its contents.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LIV. *Life of Sir William Wallace, of Elderslie*. By J. D. Carrick. Vol. II.—Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; and Hurst, Chance and Co., London.

THE opinion which we had occasion to express, in the 16th No. of the D. L. G. on the first volume of this *Life of Wallace*, remains unaltered, after a perusal of the second: it carries the history from the appointment of Wallace as guardian or regent of Scotland, in the name of King John, to his public execution in Smithfield. Here one might naturally suppose "the *Life*" should have terminated, but for the very cogent reasons hinted at in our former review, it has been found necessary to eke out the volume with long extracts from Dr. Lingard, and a bulky appendix about all manner of persons and things. One volume, judiciously and agreeably written, on the life and adventures of the great champion of Scottish liberty, the opposer of Edward's tyranny, and the victim of the treachery of 'the fause Menteith,' would have been a very interesting and acceptable book;

but it yet remains to be written. We select some part of the account of the execution of Wallace, his personal appearance, and his character, as favourable specimens of the present author's style, and manner of telling the story:

"After hanging for a certain time, the sufferer was taken down, while yet in an evident state of sensibility. He was then disembowelled; and the heart, wrung from its place, was committed to the flames in his presence. During this dreadful process, his eyes still continued to linger on the Psalter, till, overpowered by his sufferings, he expired among their hands with all that passive heroism which may be supposed to belong to so elevated a character. The body was afterwards dismembered; the head fixed on London-bridge, the right arm on the bridge of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the left at Berwick, the right leg at Perth, and the left at Aberdeen. Thus fell this great and exemplary patriot, a martyr to the rights and independence of his country, than whom, if we consider his extraordinary personal and mental endowments,—joined to his inextinguishable and disinterested love of liberty, a greater hero is not to be found in the annals of any people. Born to a slender inheritance, and unconnected by birth with the opulent families of his country, he derived no advantage from those circumstances which often assisted other distinguished characters in attaining that place in the temple of fame to which their ambition was directed. To his own genius he was indebted for a system of tactics eminently calculated for the contest he had in view; and with his own arm he gave the first impulse to the cause of freedom, which, afterwards, on the field of Bannockburn, was crowned with such glorious and decisive success under a kindred spirit—on whom the inspiring mantle of our patriot descended, as he winged his flight to the regions of immortality.

"In person, Wallace was admirably fitted to grace that elevated station among mankind, for which his genius and talents so eminently qualified him. His visage was long, well-proportioned, and exquisitely beautiful; his eyes were bright and piercing; the hair of his head and beard auburn, and inclined to curl; that on his brows and eye-lashes was of a lighter shade; his lips were round and full. Under the chin, on the left side, was a scar, the only one visible, although many were to be found on his person; his stature was lofty and majestic, rising the head and shoulders above the tallest men in the country. Yet his form, though gigantic, possessed the most perfect symmetry; and with a degree of strength almost incredible, there was combined such an agility of body, and fleetness in running, that no one except when mounted on horseback, could outstrip, or escape from him, when he happened to pursue. All-powerful as a swordsmen, and unrivalled as an archer, his blows were fatal, and his shafts unerring: as an equestrian, he was the model of dexterity and grace; while the hardships he experienced in his youth, made him view with indifference the severest privations incident to a military life. In common intercourse, his accents were mild, and his manners grave and urbane. In the field, when addressing his soldiers, his discourse was brief and animating, and the sound of his voice thrilled through their hearts like the spirit-stirring notes of the clarion. Great and varied, however, as were the accomplish-